

DIMINUTIVE MOIST COLOUR-BOXES.

BE

VOLUME IV
ISSUE 8

Kill a Child if You're Sad

RAT'S

Fecal Material Saves Lives: Doo Your Part

Oct. 6 '95

From: RHODES::LOGTB "Pickin' up hitchhikers" 29-SE.
To: STOBJ
CC:
Subj: fisticuffs

Tyson ain't Shit
by your friendly neighborhood tom logue

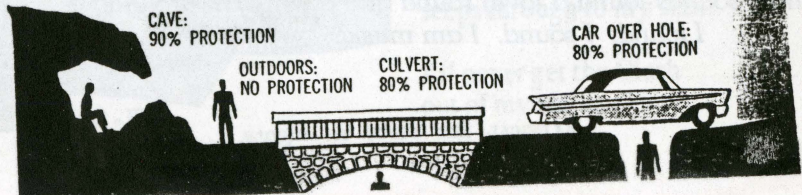
The murmur of the crowd grew to a dull roar as the sound of the bell pierced the muggy air in the stadium. The fight was on! This was it, rumored to be the biggest fight of the year, and there were bets from here to Buenos Aires on it. On the left, Civility, wearing red shorts and weighing in at 595 pounds. On the right, Morality, in blue and a trim 340 pounds. They closed in, and Civility rumbled, "Be nice to that Rhodent! So what if he's annoying and likes to talk about his SAT scores? Try to see things from his point of view; maybe he's just feeling insecure." Morality blocked this easily -- he had seen it coming a mile away. The response: "But by being nice to him even though I despise him, I am being untrue to myself, and since the only truth I know is my own subjective truth, I am committing the worst crime of all!" Civility's head whipped back, a fine spray of blood flying from the nose, as the blow almost knocked him to the ground. Collecting his wits, he tried a quick jab: "The only way to get ahead in life is to show respect to others so that they will do the same to you." Morality sidestepped, then rushed forward and delivered a punch to the stomach, "By respecting everyone on the same level regardless of their actions, you demean yourself, deceive the other person, and denigrate the concept of respect. Like that pompous prof you always smile and nod to because otherwise he'll fail you." Civility teetered, his torso bright red from the blow and the blood dripping down from his face, and drew his hands in front of his face in defense. "The bible says to love thy neighbor!" Morality stepped back, dodged the wild swing, and didn't even bother to respond. It was obvious his opponent was faltering, and he had some pity. But Civility tried to continue: "I was taught to be polite, and I'm going to be polite! How would you like it if everything in life were based on people's actual opinions of each other? And shouldn't you have some consideration for the feelings of others, huh, Morality?" The sarcasm in this last question caused a rush of anger to our blue-clad hero, and he spun around one last time, lightning-fast, with "I'm just here for a few years, and i'm useless to myself and everyone else if all i do is bend to the whims of others. I'm not going to waste my breath being nice to assholes just to avoid offending them." Morality stood back and watched Civility spin around in the ring before falling to the ground. And as the arm of Morality was raised triumphantly into the air, the Rhodes student walked around with a silly grin on his face, flicking off everyone who said hi to him. And he felt good.

NOTICE--Odds-and-Ends of REMNAN

UNDULATE!!!

Any cover is better than none when the fallout rains down

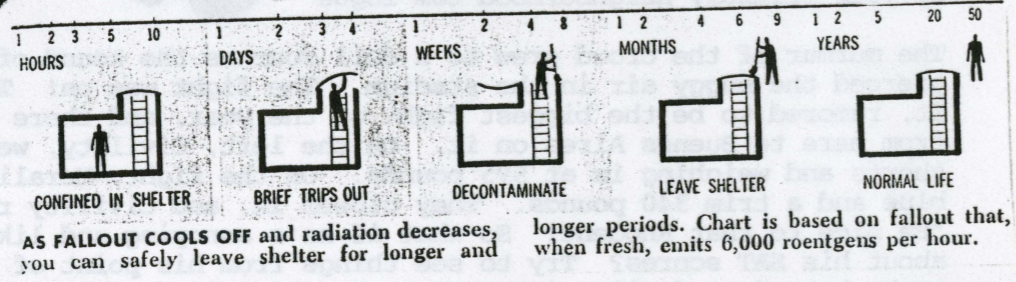
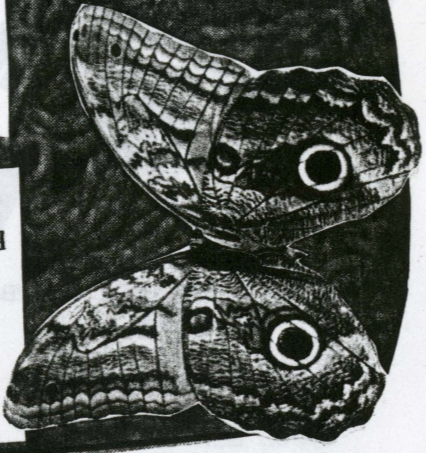
ANYONE FOR ANYTHING?





THE RAT'S ASS™ IS A THERAPEUTIC METAPHOR OF METAMUNICIPAL MATRIMONY HARMONIZED IN THE INTEREST OF THE GREATEST POSSIBLE GOOD. OPINIONS AND CRIMINAL BEHAVIOR, OUR SPECIALTIES, STEM PURELY FROM THE LIMBIC SYSTEMS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE AUTHORS, SO IF YA BY CHANCE TAKE OFFENSE AT DA KONTENTS, SETTLE IT WITH THE INDIVIDUAL. AND GET A LIFE.

Sittaraaff Bbooxk
 Jhey Witherspoon : JJ Evans
 Dave Sears : Willis Drummond
 Ramt Oxinf : Lamont Sanford
 D.C. Drake : Tootie
 Tom Logue : George Jefferson
 planet Klair : Rudy Huxtable
 Stay Joviall : Fat Albert



FEELIN' REAL
 BY JHEY WITHERSPOON

THIS MORNING, MY CLOCK RADIO AWAKENED ME WITH A BURST OF INTENSE LIGHT THAT MUST HAVE BEEN A SCREAMING DEEJAY.

IT IS OFTEN VERY DISORIENTING WHEN MY SENSES GET SWITCHED AROUND AND REWIRED, BUT BECAUSE I WAS TAUGHT FROM A VERY EARLY AGE THAT EVERYTHING IS ALL RIGHT EVEN IN STATES OF UTTER CONFUSION, I AM ALWAYS ABLE TO PULL MYSELF TOGETHER AND GO WITH WHAT'S BEEN GIVEN ME.

I TURNED MY HEAD DOWNWARD AND LISTENED TO THE FLAT, RELAXING BASS THAT WAS MY FLOOR. I THEN TURNED OFF MY ALARM BY LOCATING THE STRONGEST POINT OF LIGHT IN THE ROOM. IT WAS A CAR COMMERCIAL: RED AND ORANGE SPLASHES SMACKING MY RETINAS INTO CONSUMER SUBMISSION.

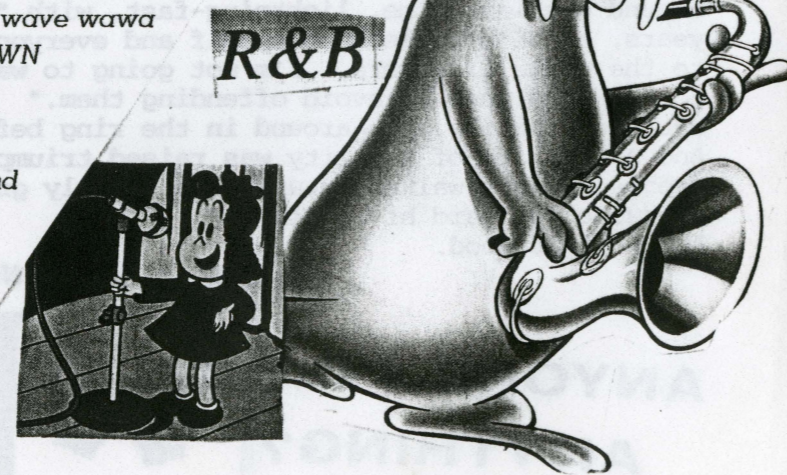
AFTER THE INITIAL SHOCK WHICH ALWAYS ACCOMPANIES SENSORY SWITCHING, I DECIDED JUST TO ENJOY THE MUSIC THAT MY BODY MADE. FEELING MY LIMBS AS I WALKED AROUND THE ROOM WAS SOMETHING LIKE PLAYING RHYTHM GUITAR.

THEN I DANCED. DANK NOTES AND HARMONIES FILLED MY EARS AND EVEN SPILLED INTO MY OLFACTORY ORGANS, SO THAT I SMELLED MY MOTION AND TASTED THE TANTALIZING FUNK OF MY ANATOMY'S GROOVE.

I DECIDED TO SKIP SCHOOL THAT DAY.

I WATCHED MUSIC AND HEARD MYSELF FUCKING GET DOWN. . .
*sumptuous shakin and rump bass bumpin toothu light wave wawa
 rolling round happy slappin sippin the fly fluid funky GET DOWN
 bright night light shinin sweet feet steppin out, damn!!
 swingin hard feelin far, notes slippin drippin off my arm
 can't stop body flop singin dreamin 'bout the world
 and feel so real. I feel so FEEL! so I wow down round the sound
 to eat up motion mongoes and stare at caca congos
 that came to flop top dibby on the flip bap shimmy
 blap fam goddam, grip this jimmy.
 now sounds found a town round and down spin around.
 I found. I sound. I am music.*

Hi. Let me show you around.



MUSICAL BOX DEPOT for NIGOLE



Sometimes
 -Ramt Oxinf

Sometimes, he dreams that he marches, and in between the locksteps, daydreams and remembers scents and touches, soft light a dripping, and polka-dots glittering and mask-like askew glances at ephemera clattering and reptilian balanced or serene wonderment over nothing the melting of ice, because it fits, and pieces of someone's hair, shuttered and lacking or maybe just in the way.

Sometimes, he's eavesdropped on towns or docks, sticky, or sprawling underlining the important bits.

Sometimes, he'd be magnanimous, wishing for some old map or gamepieces worn with use often shrill, but never unfogged a has-been, admiring ether coalesced into invisibility, and spinning headlong, heated and wary supposedly yellow or perhaps white a number of forgotten momenta weathered loose, rotting and rarely escaping their targets, with promise and fortitude crumbled and delayed into a heap of smelly metaphor.

We got spirit!
 Yes, we do!! We got spirit! How 'bout you!!

Lack
 by David Sears

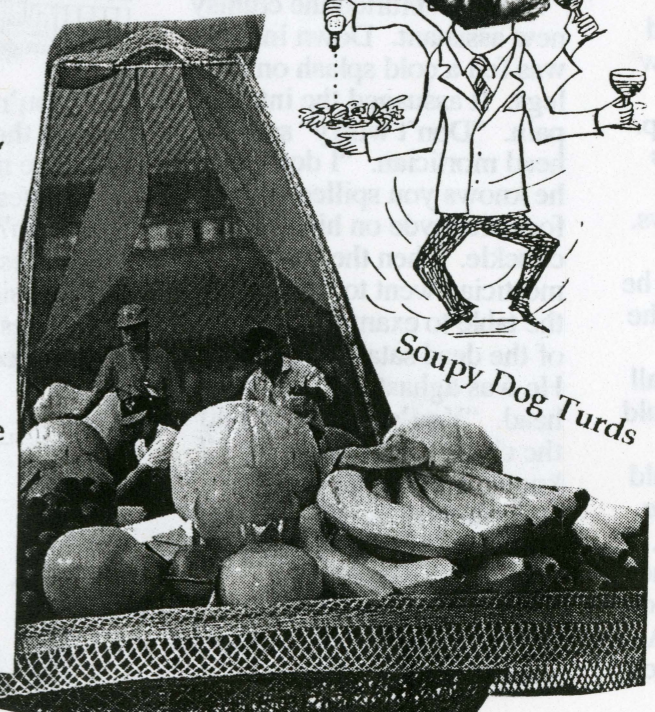
The furniture sits very still against the walls
 No expression lies in the grains of any piece
 The persistent ringing mutilates silence
 Memories of similar scenes linger
 Patterned emotions thrust through the atmosphere into my brain
 Intense delusions produce powerful sensations of delight
 I snack on the remains as I realize what is happening
 NOTHING, but it is awfully pleasant



LADIES—OUR AMERICAN CLOUDS,



COAGULATE!!!



Soupy Dog Turds

It's 3:15 a.m.
 Where is your fungus?

Lone Star Beer
 by planet Klair

I steal T-shirts I like the smell of yours they remind me when I'm alone.

I fell asleep the first time in a blur of white printed words were jubberish in my daze.

Cracked, dry hands on my forehead.

I can't get the Clash out of my stereo or you out of my head.

I know it was cold then I heard people walking by outside, but I'm not bald anymore and you actually believe I'm a girl.

When I met you yesterday, you swam in close through the thick air.

Burying my face into the thin cloth of your shirt the salty dampness seeps through to my skin.

I'll never get the Clash out of my stereo.



SEASIDE—OZONE! OZONE! OZONE!
 Those who value lustrant hair, softness of skin, and general restoration of vital power are recommended to take the ozone baths, to be had only at
THE GRANVILLE HOTEL,
 St. Lawrence-on-Sea, Isle of Thanet.
 N.B. Visitors wishing for sitting-rooms in the Hotel are recommended to write a week in advance.

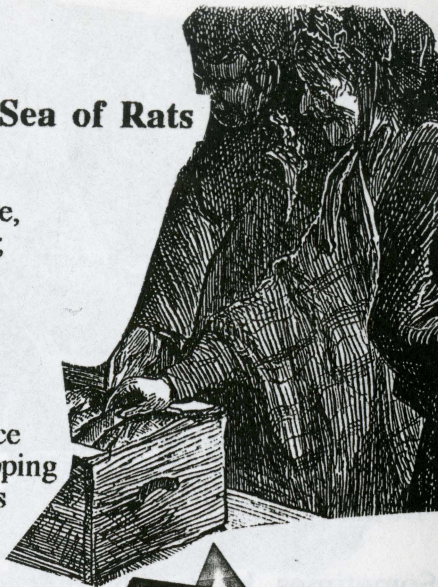


Tock Sat on a Raft In a Sea of Rats
 by stay joviall

And Tick looked on from the shore,
 helpless as a buttonless stopwatch;
 Tock wailed lonely
 and Tick remained,
 cutting himself with the past.

Tock called out -
 "Surprise will fall through your face
 with the sound of rotten mellow ripping
 when your money-changer's tables
 are overturned in the temple
 of Eternal Now
 by the push of a simple mirror,
 and yet still,
 you will remain oblivious
 and I will be the victim..."

Tick loved pain.
 And he loved
 to come out on top.



Complete Game Directions **FREE**



So the guy wants to ameliorate the situation. But Ned wants to know what ameliorate means. I send Ned a note. A note to Ned is sent by me. It reads:
 "Ameliorate: to send an irritating woman to the South Pacific with the intention of getting rid of her (from "Amelia Earhart: See Ya" Simon&Schuster 1939)"

-D.C. Drake

So there's a bald guy. And people keep telling him how bald he is. So he has "I know" tattooed on his scalp. People now tell him there's something written on his forehead. "Really?" he says. "I'll be damned." And he was right. No matter what he did, he WAS damned. So he went around in a devil costume, damning himself all day long. "Damn it" he would say. "Damn me to hell." Nobody told him he was bald anymore, because what if he were Satan? When he died, he went to hell, damnit. And the autopsy was performed on his costumed former self. A clumsy new assistant dropped formaldehyde on him.

"Whoops" blurted the clumsy new assistant. Down in hell was felt a cold splash on the legs. It assuaged the intense pain. "Don't worry" said the head mortician. "I don't think he knows you spilled that formaldehyde on him." A chuckle. Then the head mortician went to the head of the table to examine the head of the dead satan-like man. He was aghast, and lost his head. "You're fired" he told the clumsy new assistant. "I know" replied the newly homeless fired man. "I'm on fire" said the knowledgeable man in his new home. "You're homeless for a reason," said the businessman to the homeless man.

"You're on fire for a reason," said the knowledgeable man to the newly arrived businessman. "What's the reason?" screamed the blazing businessman in crazed confusion. "It's none of my business." He was of course, being coy. He knew.

MANUAL ALPHABET
 LEARN TO TALK TO YOUR FRIENDS



RIDDLES
ON EVERY STICK

